GOOD-BY.

The velvety bloom on the rose is gone,
The sweetness of love is over;
The shadow falls on the crimson day
And the dusky, dewy clover.
Good-by, dear heart, good-by.

The Summer of love is gone so soon,
The Summer of love together;
For lovers must part in the Autumn-tide,
Love dies in the wintry weather.
Good-by, dear heart, good-by.

Hearts break when the blush of the rose is gone,
Hearts break when the Summer is over,
And only the wind and the falling leaves
May echo the song of the lover.
Good-by, dear heart, good-by.

Oh! better the long, sweet slumber of death,
Than the breaking of hearts asunder:
Oh! better than life with an aching heart
Is the sleep of the dumb dead, yonder.
Good-by, dear heart, good-by.

Perhaps I, too, shall rest ere long,
In the slumber of death low-lying;
But know you this, dear one, my heart
Would love you even in dying.
Good-by, dear heart, good-by.
—*Frank Leslie's.*

THE SNAKE CHARMER.

BY ANNIE R. NOXON.

I don't pretend to account for it, you know, or to offer any excuses, such as inherent madness or taint in the blood, but I simply say—as I would say that I have a lock of gray hair in a bad place on my head and a mole on my neck—that I am irresistibly drawn toward tropical snakes, and have a leaning in the direction of fakirs and smugglers. My friend Harcourt is as much drawn the other way; but I swear I had no notion of the probable effect on him the day I drew him into a little cross street or court, where a number of very fat, well-preserved boas were lolling in the obscurity of a dark glass case on a pile of semi-white blankets.

Harcourt, something of a dreamer generally, followed me in my searchings after wonders, as amiably as a collie, with only an understanding in a tacit sort of way that I was not to introduce him to women who would fancy it an incumbent benevolence to pull him out and make him talk.

I hardly think he knew where we were until I forcibly plucked him out of the unrestricted glare of a July day to the gaudily-papered passage way to the museum.

"Harcourt, I have some lovely specimens to show you—mottled boas and cobras, and an awfully swell kind of snake charmer done up in the true Oriental flimsies—red coif, bracelets of sequins, and all that. The Rajah is a snake you should know. Upon my life, I think he begins to know me."

With the best intentions in the world, I gave Harcourt a little push, and he stumbled against the cage with a dull thump on the glass, which roused "Rajah," and, rearing his head very sensibly, he gazed straight into our eyes. As pale and limp as a live man could ever become, my friend shrank back and seemed suddenly bereft of his legs. I steadied him up, and really thought on the moment that the ministerial Harcourt had imbibed an extra glass of some spirited American drink. He asked me to take him in the air. He was pitiably weak and as ghastly as if he had seen his grandmother's ghost in a camera obscura.

This strong, rollicking breeze brought him round, and almost quite himself he led the way to one of the little wayside parks so refreshingly frequent in the large cities of this country.

He laid his hat on the park seat and nervously wiped his forehead, while I tried to entice a pigeon from the gravel with plum cake, seeming not to notice his strange agitation.

He reverted to the affair uppermost in my mind himself in his painfully straightforward way:

"Don't laugh, Strahan, when I tell you that I am a slave to an all pervading dominant horror. I cannot look at snakes, although once I really believed that nature intended to inspire admiration in making a brown and green boa. And women of the tropics were once my adoration, with their brown velvety skins, black eyes and graceful movements." He shuddered. "Now I can never see the one without being reminded of the other."

"There are pages in my life, Strahan, which you do not know; but you do know that I was one of her Majesty's Foot Guards in India and that I sold my commission on account of fever to De Land, of the Hawkhurst Blues, and left before my time. I was a wild fellow in those days. A few hours before my departure, while returning from a tiger-hunt in which I and my followers were shamefully outwitted, I ran across the tent of a snake charmer—a villainously dirty old Hindu, who with horrible yells and imprecations made the twilight hideous by cudgeling his daughter, as he swore she was, while she asseverated, with lifted arms to 'Allah,' that she was simply his slave. I interfered, of course. We had a free fight, leaving the old fakir hors de combat, and I bore off the child Zobeide—one of the loveliest creatures even then that I had ever seen, and as wild as a hawk.

"It was lucky that I had been fully prepared to quit the country. As it was, the boys of my mess begged me to have nothing to do with Parsee, Hindu or Arab women, to leave this dark-eyed houri behind. Seeing me obdurate, Captain Bellamy said:

"'Do as you will, Harcourt; but you may regret the day you did so foolish a thing. Kindly remember that I warned you.'

"'And how often I have!

"But then—it was with a glow of exultation I admitted to myself the entire ownership of everything so untainted and so beautiful as Zobeide. She was as delicious to my senses as a pomegranate blossom, and was gratitude itself. Poor, starved, unloved little thing! She twined about me like a vine." Again that convulsive shudder.

"You recognize the old routine—the manner of disposing of such cases? My maiden aunt consented to chaperon my protegee. Into her hands I gave Zobeide for a year, stipulating that she be taught all Christian graces. And so I left her to tapestries, French verbs and the piano.

"I confess I thought very little about her. The only life between me and my estates was severed by the death, while hunting, of my cousin, the young Earl of Favisham, and I was brought to realize my position by my solicitor. I could give my wife a position which would seem desirable in English eyes; I entertained some extravagant notions about the new life at the hall and the new Lady Favisham whom I would introduce to my people. The most dazzling beauty on the walls of the old picture gallery would, I felt, pale beside the charms of the last Lady Harcourt, Countess of Favisham.

"Yet how shall I describe my first meeting with her? I heard her light foot in the corridor, and the rustle of her silken gown. The morning sunshine flooded the room, the odor of roses from their tall green vases for a moment turned me faint. Was it a fancy that the old musty incense of the jungle where the boa lies coiled, entered the room with her, emitted by her white garments?

"She glided toward me, scarcely making a sound, and my senses seemed bound by a spell.

"There were no forbidden airs of hauteur. She coiled her arms about me, and slid her dusky cheek along until it lay against mine; yet it was cool.

"I was very nearly overcome when my aunt entered the room, bringing a current of fresh air with her. 'Is she not lovely, your little Indian savage?' pointing to Zobeide, who seemed to drift—not walk—over the floor to the piano, from which she evoked such quaint minor chords that I begged her to come and talk to me instead of playing.

"From that hour my soul passed out of my body to the keeping of this girl. She spoke to me care-singly, soothingly as a child. When wearied of my cravings for her kisses and caresses, she would shut herself up for hours in her own apartments, or would gallop away over the downs on her black horse Selim, an Arabian I had given her.

"We had married in London one day and began life in an irresponsible, un-English way, as my aunt had said. But were always together. If we gave no balls, that was a mere matter of taste. I had once had a passion for such diversions, but it had died in me, as had most passions except for my child-wife. Zobeide seemed to revel in the county ball at first and to gloat on the homage and admiration she received. But very soon she tired of that sort of thing, and even of her rides with Selim, the great splendid rooms, the library and the picture gallery, the lakes, the swans, and the elm-shaded avenues, with snowy statues gleaming ghostly in the moonlight.

"She wearied of the homage of men and the envious amazement of women awe struck by her beauty long ago. She locked herself up more often in her own wing, and always laughingly refused to admit me. I cannot see why I did not marvel at this, but this was no more strange than that I gave up hunting, which had been a passionate fancy of mine before. My aunt had laid her hand on my brow saying:

"'How changed you are, Henry!'

"'Nonsense!' I replied. 'It is you who are altered. Where is Zobeide?'

"'Always that question!' she murmured, in a tone of distress.

"Once she pulled me into her own chamber, saying, in a way calculated to startle me—but it did not:

"'My dear boy, I want to speak to you. I must speak now with you. Why do you allow Lady Favisham to amuse herself daily with a brood of detestable snakes?'

"'Does she?' I asked, listlessly. 'My good soul, why should I interfere if the child really does amuse herself? Don't worry about Zobeide, dear; I don't?'

"'No, poor boy! I wish you did!'

"Strange! I passed this conversation off as if it had related to the flannels of the rheumatic tenants. Yet ordinarily I should have been paralyzed with horror at the idea of my wife juggling with snakes. It sets my teeth on edge now only to think of it, and it would have made my hair stand on end had I been in my right mind.

"I was insane all that horrible summer, when a snake charmer ruled at Favisham Hall, the seat of a loyal and hot-blooded race, of which I was the last and the least worthy.

"Yet any one who knew Lady Harcourt at that time would not have wondered at her autocracy, I am sure. Even the servants were tinctured with the poisonous atmospere, and only my aunt, who constantly went abroad, was able to shake off the leaden pall which had settled down upon us at the Hall.

"Suddenly, in obedience to the wishes of my physician, I made ready to run over to my shooting box in Scotland. I was stubbornly firm about taking my wife with me, although she demurred and even wept when I presented the tour to her. I carried my point, and we were away just ten days.

"Lady Harcourt stipulated that her wing of the Hall was to remain undisturbed during her absence. But she expected fully to be back within a week. My aunt had gone to Rugby.

"I will try and describe our coming home as intelligently as possible.

"I had noticed with wonderful elation that my head was clear and my whole mind more coherent during our absence, as if some terrible influence had been wanting to sway and blacken my life.

"On the contrary, my wife, although so young and lovely, with all the world to fall at her feet, seemed strangely ill at ease during our trip, and grew so nervous nearing home that she actually leaped from the carriage as it drew up before the Hall. She had coiled herself up in it without a word, although I talked incessantly of the rains and hops.

"Perkins, the butler, gravely met us, saying, 'Dinner waits, my Lord,' like a theatrical call-boy. But my wife sprang out and rushed off to her own apartments with her wraps on her arms, humming a little strain of a Hindoo song which she knew made me particularly unhappy.

"I threw myself in a deep chair and broke the seal of two or three letters, running over their contents in the great banquet room, where the tall wax lights flared in their sconces, trying to be patient until Lady Harcourt came. The flowers wilted in their blue and gold vases, the clock tickled on ominously; still Lady Harcourt did not appear. I think a sort of paralysis must have seized me; yet I remember that I felt satisfied that the end had come. I knew by some strange foresight that the curtain had fallen on the tragic little comedy I had played at the old Hall, with the woman whom society had declared would one day shock or startle every one. I knew that I should never lift my head again to find her great black eyes glowing from behind the tea urn. I had not been unhappy with Zobeide, but I question that I was in a state to know the quality of the happiness she gave me. I had grown to think the thoughts she gave me; that was all.

"I simply told Celeste, my lady's maid, that I would go to her apartments; but Celeste, with the desire probably to save me a detested sight, ran up the polished stairs, her little slippers making a loud noise in the silent house.

"With a shriek Celeste staggered half way down the stairs, her face like chalk, her eyes wildly staring.

"'Oh, monsieur! don't go in, if you value your life!'

"I pushed her aside, and entered Lady Harcourt's boudoir, hung with the pale-green silk curtains she had chosen because it would remind her of the jungle where we first met. The old overpowering indefinable odor met me at the threshold, but I stepped across her tiger-skin rug and felt every vein in my body congealing with horror.

"My wife's little gray silk bonnet and scarf lay on the floor near the sofa where she reclined, her hair, unbound, streaming in disorder over the mossy green carpet. She was quite dead, but had, perhaps, breathed her last only a moment before I found her.

"On the bosom which had pillowed my head so often lay the head of a monster boa. His loathsome body wrapped tightly about the luckless girl had squeezed her to death. In a fervor of gladness over her return or madness from hunger he had killed the woman who fondled him when not with me.

"I managed to retain my senses somehow, and left the room so permeated with poison. Down stairs once more, I breathed freer than for many days. I leaned out of the window and looked at the old stars which had twinkled through every hour of my miserable misspent life. I realized all at once how base and inactive I had become, a dreamer; but was I to blame?

"The old butler kindly led me to my room, begging me to drink of the glass he forced to my lips, saying that all should be done well.

"I drank, and, throwing myself on the bed, I lost my mind in a dreary and dreadful maze which melted into a long sleep. I knew in that sleep that the python had been strangled and the rumor given forth that Lady Harcourt had fallen dead from heart disease.

"The end of it all came, of course, and I went through it properly, I heard afterwards; but I think my body had acted without soul for once.

"I went to Switzerland—a place happily free from snakes, where I recovered my old mental poise, and got back to a point where I could reflect upon all that fearful time which seemed a sort of heaven to me while it lasted—my strange irresponsible life with Zobeide, a charmer of serpents, a ruler of men!

"Now you know, Strahan, why I do not care to look on such sights. It unnerves me to look on a boa more than to meet a wild beast face to face."—*Lippincott.*

Signal Service Work.

Notwithstanding the fact that the duties of the United States Signal Service Department are, for those in the minor branches, exacting, and the salaries paid quite small, there are a great number of applications constantly coming in. The assistant observers, or privates as they are ranked, only get $1,000 per year from the New York station. At all other stations east of the Missouri, except Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Chicago and Jacksonville, the pay is $60 per month. The sergeants of the highest rank provided for in the service get only about $20 per month more.

To secure a place in the service on application to the Chief Signal Office at his headquarters in Washington is the first step. A prompt answer may be expected, which will state whether or not any men are wanted in the service. If there are vacancies blanks will accompany this response, on which the applicant must fill out the answers to a lot of questions that constitute a preliminary examination. If this paper is satisfactory the applicant is referred to Washington or the nearest large signal service station to his home, where a more thorough examination follows. This being satisfactorily passed, the applicant is enlisted and assigned to a station, where he is broken in to the work of the service.

The necessary qualifications, as shown by the examination, are first, quickness in figures with the accompaniment of accuracy. The highest mathematics are not requisite, plain arithmatic being all that is necessary. The other branches touched upon are grammar, geography, history, penmanship, and spelling. The history is United States and the geography local, but very thorough. Self-reliance is looked for, and a man is expected to be able to take charge of a station when he has had a little experience. In the service his education is supposed to continue. He is expected to gain a knowledge of astronomy, on which there is no preliminary examination, and to keep up with the development of new theories and meteorological methods.—*New York Sun.*

The Cause of Diphtheria.

Some light appears to have been thrown at last upon the origin of those mysterious cases of diphtheria which occur every now and then without any apparent possibility of infection. Just as Dr. Klein has demonstrated that a slight disease in a cow may cause an epidemic of scarlatina among those who drink her milk, so Dr. George Turner, in a report just published by the London Local Government Board, has produced some considerable basis for the conclusions that fowls, cats, sheep and other animals are liable to diphtheria, and they may often communicate it. Every one who has kept poultry is familiar with the infectious disease known as the "gapes," so called from the constant gaping of the animal affected by it. This is caused by animal parasite; but Dr. Turner tells us that very similar symptoms may be produced by fowl diphtheria, and he adduces several instances in which the birds seem to have given the infection to human beings. Many a supposed outbreak of "gapes," the report says, may have been a far more terrible enemy, and have produced fatal epidemics. On the other hand, children are believed to have repeatedly given diphtheria to domestic cats.

The Manufacture of Bogus Jewelry.

Precious stones are dyed at Oberstein, Germany, where nearly the whole population is devoted to the work of making bogus jewelry and fixing up cheap gems to look fine. Different families have their different modes of treatment, and some families have the secret of some one or another special tint which can be made nowhere else. Chalcedony is the usual base of false onyxes and agates, which are most counterfeited. The stones are boiled in the coloring matter and then subjected to intense heat. The color permeates the whole stone. One family has the secret of converting crocidolite into "cat's-eyes." Gypsum and hornblende are also made into the same gems. Tircons, which are cheap stones of silicon and zirconia, have the color washed out, and are apparently diamonds until tested. A thin slice of diamond is laid over a topaz so that the whole appears to be one gem. Emeralds are easily imitated. Many stones sold as rubies are only red spinel, and much of the lapis lazuli is only dyed chalcedony.

Strange Household Pets.

A strange bequest and a strange household pet was that which my friend's father received from his grandmother. It was a land-turtle she had cared for and petted for forty years. It had the range of the house, answered to its name, Dan, would come after its food and eat out of hand. When ready to take his long winter sleep Dan would peck at the bureau, when his mistress would wrap him in flannels and tuck him away in a drawer, where he remained dormant until spring. Dan lived five years with the legatee, and when he died an alligator took its place. The latter thrives and is as tenderly cared for as a pet canary or Scotch terrier would be.—*American Grocer.*

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Soiling vs. Pasturing.

Careful trial has satisfied those who practice soiling that one acre of land, well tilled, will support a cow as long as three acres of pasture and one acre of meadow. A succession of crops must be sown, of course. The first crop to cut in the spring is winter rye, then follow medium clover and orchard grass, timothy and alsike or pea vine clover, or both, oats, or peas and oats, millet, corn and sorghum, the latter sowed very thick to keep the stalks soft, and if to this system of soiling was added that of silage, and the latter used after the green growing crops were frozen up, and with the silage a variety of root crops saved and used, how much more cheaply would we carry our stock through the entire year. —*Colman's Rural World.*

Hints About Sheep.

I have made sheep raising a study all my life, and find in the Shropshire just what is wanted for a general purpose sheep. Have crossed them on fine wools for six years in succession, and produced lambs that would average 120 pounds at from ten to eleven months old, and which sold for six cents a pound each year at home market.—*Michigan Farmer.*

There are probably few men who have fed sheep for fifteen or twenty years who can say that they found them in every case profitable; and yet more men could probably say this of sheep than could say it of either hogs or cattle. Fat sheep never advance to the extreme values occasionally reached by other fat stock—but at the same time they are less apt to go to an extreme the other way. In fact, taking a term of years together, no other stock shows as great uniformity in its quotations. The man who commands the fleeces and the carcasses of a nice bunch of wethers every year finds sheep feeding profitable.—*National Stockman.*

One advantage from keeping a few sheep on the farm is the fact that those fortunate farmers engaged in the pursuit have a clip of wool, some fat lambs or sheep sell at a time when but few other farm products are ready for the market. Money is usually most in demand among farmers during the spring and summer, for it is then that they are engaged in making the crops to be sold the ensuing fall and winter. Combining sheep husbandry with grain growing, pieces out an uncomfortable gap in the finances, when without it the farmer's business would for a while be all outgo and no income.—*Lewiston Journal.*

To those who have noticed how little mindful sheep are to the severest cold weather when well fleeced, it may seem idle to say anything about protection for sheep for two months, yet protection is even more important during the next two months than it will be in the subsequent two. It is not cold weather that hurts sheep so much as it is wet weather. Wool is always injured by getting wet, and when a sheep is exposed to a cold rain, such as we are likely to have an abundance of during the fall months, and the fleece gets filled with water which must be dried out slowly by the heat of the animal's body, will not only injure the wool but give the sheep bad colds, catarrh, and reduce the vitality of the sheep to a low ebb. If good, healthy lambs are to be expected it is therefore quite necessary that the ewes be protected from storms.—*Rural World.*

Farming as a Business.

"Farming as a business," says Professor Gulley, in *Home and Farm*, "is not what it has been in the past. It requires much more intelligence and skill to farm successfully now than it did formerly, and for a variety of reasons.

"Our wants have increased. The luxuries of our fathers have become everday necessities for our comfort. We feel that we must live better, dress better, do more, work fewer hours, and we require more in the way of mental improvement, accomplishments and the like. This is as it should be. The farmer should have and should enjoy all that is within the reach of the merchant or professional man; he is even entitled to more than the town resident to make up for the isolation of life on the farm.

"The fact that country people do not have the advantages of the town people, that farming at the present time does not hold out such strong inducements to young men as other occupations, not only prevents the town bred boy from becoming a farmer, but it also draws a large proportion of the brightest and smartest boys from the country to the town, and we have as the result a much larger number of the naturally-gifted, shrewd men of the country engaged in manufactures, transfortation, trading, etc., than we find farming, and it naturally follows that the smarter men secure the larger share of the proceeds of the industries.

"Another disadvantage that the farmer labors under—the outcome of greater ability possessed by men in other industries—is the fact that improvement in methods of manufacture, trade, transportation and distribution has been very much more rapid than in farming. These industries are growing away from the production of farm crops.

"During the past fifty years the power of one man to turn raw products into manufactured goods and distribute them to consumers, through the introduction of improved machinery and application of scientific discoveries, has increased from five to one hundred or more times. We have made no such advance in growing crops.

"It is true the introduction of large implements, and the binder and header, has increased the capacity of one man tenfold in growing and harvesting wheat, and haying machinery to nearly as great an extent in making hay; but we have only increased a man's capacity two or three fold in making corn, while in cotton growing it is probable that, on the average, one man really produces less, or at least no more than he did thirty years ago.

"There is still another factor that is detrimental to the interests of the farmer, and that is the exhaustion of the virgin fertility of the soil. Except in portions of the older settled States, up to the present time farming has been largely of the pioneer order, which means clearing up the land and cropping it in such a way as to produce a crop with the least labor, regardless of the exhaustion and loss of the fertility of the soil, compelling us now to adopt some system of fertilization that is necessarily expensive to make the land produce as much as it did formerly.

"So much is said and written at the present time about monopolies and unjust laws which are oppressing the farmer that many are led to believe that the condition of the farmer may be improved simply by legislation. While there may be some injustice done to the farmer by powerful corporations and lawmakers, still we must study the underlying principles of agriculture and its connection with other industries and raise it to a par with those pursuits before the farmer can secure a just compensation for his labor.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Do not allow your cattle to drink from a stagnant pool.

The flocks and herds need weeding, the same as fields.

A good season for ditching, draining and digging wells.

The very best mine for a farmer to invest in is his farm.

If your chickens have the diarrhœa, give them boiled sweet milk.

Rolling upland, with light or gray subsoil, well drained, is the best for wheat.

Corn cobs make good fuel, and the ashes of corn cobs contain stores of potash.

The assertion is made that potatoes which grow nearest the surface are most subject to rot.

Ducks can live with a bath once a week, but they are aquatic enough to enjoy a dozen a day.

According to Dr. T. H. Hoskins the tomato rot is getting to be about as bad a disease as the potato rot.

Be sure that your milch cows have enough pure, sweet water. Else the typhoid fever may admonish you.

It is claimed that sweet-cream butter, though better flavored, does not keep as well as that from slightly acid cream.

It is charged that the English sparrow protects the caterpillars by driving away the native birds that would destroy them.

Young turkeys should only be allowed to run in fields where the grass is cut short, as wet plumage seems to be fatal to them.

Decaying vegetables should be thrown on the manure pile, and not scattered about the door yard to befoul the air in a hot dry time.

The farmer who sells the best and keeps the poorest seeds and animals is on the right road to the wrong place. Better "bout face."

Dutch belted cattle are not as large as Holsteins, but are said to rival the Ayrshires in hardiness, being well calculated for rough lands.

Cellars require care and attention to preserve them sweet, pure and healthy. Stagnant air, slops, or decaying vegetables will soon vitiate them.

Prominent apiarians advise extracting the honey from partially filled sections at the end of the season, and keeping the sections for use the next season.

The use of soil on asparagus is confined to keeping down of weeds during cutting time. Asparagus is a semi-marine vegetable, but too much salt will injure it.

There is a brisk demand and good prices for feathers, eggs or flesh of ducks and geese, and these fowls are easily raised. Some deem them more profitable than chickens.

When fodder corn is in bloom it contains but thirteen per cent. of solid matter. When the kernels begin to glaze it has twenty-five per cent. Don't cut it too soon, whether for siloing or soiling.

If a silo is built in a hillside, the *Southern Cultivator* deems the following a good way to construct it. Plank up inside with two-inch plank, then a course of tarred paper, then another plank on the paper; all on the inside of the silo.

The *Southern Cultivator* avers that smoke is the great secret in the management of bees. If judicially applied before a hive is opened and the frames are handled with care, there need not be any difficulty in performing all necessary operations in bee-keeping.

John M. Stahl, the well-known agricultural writer, says: "Ninety-nine of every hundred farmers get their knowledge of and skill in their particular work by the picking-up process." He adds, however, that very few farmers show their sons or their laborers how to manage the details of farm work. "It is as if an apprentice were put in the blacksmith or carpenter shop and never taught."

A Hot-Wind Day in Australia.

With strict impartiality it speeds alike down the hutter's chimney, formed of old kerosene tins, and the Elizabethan stacks of fashionable suburban mansions; charges up the busy streets, flashes through the omnibuses, in at one widow and out of the other, like the clown in the pantomime. But not all of it! not the six bushels! Shake yourself and see. Then it spins along the suburban highways, pounces down on the scavengers' heaps of dead leaves and other odds and ends of unconsidered trifles, and they are gone, and their place knows them no more. Poets seeking new tropes and figures of speech should try what can be made of an Australian dust storm. Every window in the cities is closed, and the heated blast chafes and howls about the casements in a frenzy of impotent rage. Should any one incautiously turn a street corner particularly sprucely dressed, straightway it makes for him. The air soon becomes a combination of atoms as lively as aerated waters. The whole surrounding country seems shrouded by an atmosphere which has been whipped into the consistency of pea soup. One side of the street is sometimes as completely hidden from the other side as by a November fog in London. Woe to the unlucky housemaid who has inadvertently left open a single window! Repentance in sackcloth and dust is her condign punishment. And thus the enemy speeds up and down the day through. The heat is stifling, but people all seek to close every avenue of approach. Batten down and stew is the order of the day. Of two evils it is by far the least; indeed, the only defense, and every port is closed as on board ship in bad weather. Should the demon succeed in effecting an entrance he sweeps through the hall, rushes up stairs, and bangs every door like a maniac. The hotel kitchen is a subject of special anxiety to the functionaries concerned, and certain veaders of perishable commodities close their shops altogether.—*Murray's Magazine.*

Weddings in Colonial Days.

In Mr. Sanford's "History of Connecticut," recently issued, is the following: "Weddings in early colonial days were usually celebrated quietly at the home of the bride. With the increase of wealth there was a marked change in this respect. Not only were the banns proclaimed in the church, but a general invitation was given from the pulpit to attend the ceremony. Friends and neighbora were entertained with a lavish hospitality at the bride's house. On the wedding-day, muskets were fired; and those who attended the ceremony marched in procession to the bride's home. The wedding feasts lasted sometimes for two or three days. At a grand wedding in New London, on the day after the marriage ninety-two ladies and gentlemen, it is said, proceeded to dance ninety-two jigs, fifty-two contra-dances, forty-five minuets and seventeen hornpipes."

THE HOLY LAND.

INTERESTING NOTES OF A TRIP TO PALESTINE.

How Some of the Biblical Places Look To-Day—Jerusalem, Its Buildings and Population—Bethlehem.

The *Turf, Field and Farm* has an interesting synopsis of a lecture on the Holy Land, delivered by Professor Bickmore in New York. We quote:

The view of Joppa is lovely as one enters the bay; but the beauty vanishes on nearer approach, for the streets are open sewers. It was once the chief port of Judea, but it has entirely fallen from its ancient grandeur. It was here that Peter lived, and the house is shown where he saw the sheet let down from Heaven.

There are but two good roads in the far east; the French have built one from Damascus to Beyreuth, and there is another, a carriage road, from Joppa to Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

Wheat is the staple article, and is cultivated in the valleys and also down in Egypt, on the banks of the Nile.

Jerusalem is walled and situated on high ground, having steep ascents on the north, east and west sides, presenting a grand assemblage of domes, palaces, towers and monasteries, with here and there a minaret—a high slender turret rising up against the clear, blue sky like sentinels, and from the balconies of which the faithful are called to prayer.

Water is scarce in this part of the world, so the rain is gathered into pools or wells, and carrying water in jars is one of the principal occupations of the women. South of this city is the Pool of Salome, and is used by the Arabs for washing and bathing. It existed before the time of the Jews.

Haram is the sacred area of Jerusalem. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the principal object of interest to pilgrims and is a grand structure. At the end of it is a superb rotunda and cupola, the light coming in through the top. Directly under the opening, and placed in a small chapel, is the Holy Sepulchre. Three holes in the roof of the chapel let out the smoke of many lamps, which are kept constantly burning.

Near by is the Mosque of Omar, the grandest pile of architecture in the whole Turkish Empire. It occupies the site of the Temple of Solomon. Here Mahomet came and prayed, here it was, so his followers believe, he was taken through the rock, which is in the dome, straight up to Heaven. Omar I. was Caliph of the Saracens and father-in-law of Mahomet. He took possession of Jerusalem in 648 A. D., and was assassinated five years later by a Persian slave. It is only since the Crimean War that the Turks have allowed the outside world to enter their mosques.

There is annually a great number of pilgrims to Jerusalem. The past year they numbered 10,000, 6,000 of whom were serfs from Russia and Poland. It is the great wish of a serf's heart that he may, at least once in his life, perform this pilgrimage. The Russian, or Greek Church, is purchasing large tracts of land outside the city. The Jews, assisted by the Rothschilds, are establishing a large colony on the outskirts, and are building on and near Mount Olivet. South of the city is the tomb of David, and close by is a large school for Jews, also given by Rothschild.

The brook Kedron flows along the valley on the eastern side of Jerusalem, at the foot of Mount Olivet, from the top of which the finest view of this historical city is obtained.

At Bethany we are shown the tomb where Lazarus was laid, and also the house of Mary and Martha.

As we go south toward Bethlehem, we see the place where Rachel died and was buried. The land surrounding our Lord's birth-place is rich and fertile. Over the spot where Christ was born is erected a monastery, or, as it is called, "The Church of the Nativity," another special shrine for pilgrims.

Bethlehem is noted for the beauty of its women. All Mohammedans buy their wives, but a wife from this place commands twice the price of any other woman.

"Jacob's Well" is not at all like what we imagined—walled around as we have seen it in biblical pictures. It is now merely a hole or pool, though once a church was built over it, and scattered remains of the ruins are still visible.

In this part of Palestine, yearly, to the present day, come descendants of the tribe of Levi. They are the finest-looking set of people in all this country. Tall, erect and fair, they follow strictly the law of Moses, and believe in the teachings of Aaron.

Each city has its colony of lepers, and Eastern travelers are constantly besieged by parties of these unfortunate creatures, showing their diseased hands where the fingers have dropped off, and eyes blinded by this terrible, loathsome and incurable malady.

Going Northeast toward Damascus, we passed over the Sea of Galilee and crossed to the city of Nazareth, in the centre of which is "Mary's Well." Soon Mount Hermon is reached, which is believed to be the Mount of Transfiguration. It is 9,000 feet high, and it took our friends seven hours to reach the summit. Around it a wall was built in ages past, and there still remains ruins of a number of ancient Roman temples where the sun god was worshiped.

Damascus, from a distance, is a most magnificent picture. Like an oasis in the midst of a barren desert, it rises a beautiful white city, filled with mosques and chapels. Here it has stood since the time of Abraham, and is the most fertile spot of all Syria. It is one of the sacred cities of the Mohammedans, and, strange to say, is the only city of the East which has not dwindled from its former greatness. Our friends visited the house of a rich Jew. One room was luxurious in ornamentation and color, being all of the rarest marble, and costing $30,000. Instead of a grand doorway, the entrance was through a dark, narrow passage. When asked the reason of this, they were told the Jews try to conceal all evidences of their riches, for otherwise they could not keep anything from the rapacious, unprincipled Turks, whose flag floats over their sacred places, and who have ever been their bitterest enemies.

Where Liberia Got Its Name.

The Maryland Historical Society held its monthly meeting recently. Mr. John H. B Latrobe, who presided, presented a number of photographs of Monrovia and some of its prominent citizens, and made some interesting remarks in reference to the colonization of Liberia. Mr. Latrobe and a Dr. Ayres drew a rough map for a gentleman at the head of the colonization scheme. After it had been finished he asked Mr. Latrobe what was the word in Latin for a freeman, and, after he had replied "liber," the gentleman, General Harper, said that he would name the place Liberia. Monrovia was so named by Mr. Latrobe after President Monroe.—*Baltimore American.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Dr. Buisson, of Paris, claims to cure hydrophobia by hot baths often repeated. He makes the patient remain continually in a hot room, and the baths are made as hot as 142 degrees.

Mr. T. P. White asserts that the salts formed by fruit acids and tin are harmless, and that poisoning by canned fruits must be due to solder or other impurities—arsenic, copper or lead.

A third crystalline form of carbon has been discovered in meteoric iron from Western Australia. The mineral, which is to be called Cliftonite, resembles the diamond in the shape of its crystals, but in color and other respects it is more like graphite.

Tomatoes raised in light, rather poor soil, in a sheltered or warm situation, are always sweet in favorable seasons, while those raised in rich soil or in partial shade are always sour. A rank growth of foliage shades the fruit densely, and interferes with the development of the saccharine principle. Again, tomatoes raised in poorish, light soil ripen earlier than those raised in rich soil.

A patented weather prognosticator sold in Prague is a landscape covered with the salts of cobalt. These colors are very sensitive to moisure, and are made still more so by mixture with gelatine. With increasing moisture in the atmosphere, the blue heavens of the picture assumed a dirty red hue, and the green grass and foliage, the yellow background, etc., are also strikingly changed in color.

According to one of the French chemical journals, a plant belonging to the lettuce tribe, technically known as soachus oleraceus, and common on the wayside and among dry rubbish heaps in France, has been found to yield, in fair proportion, a very good quality of caoutchouc. To this end the plants are steeped in carbon bisulphide, and afterward boiled in alcohol and caustic potash. About 4.3 per cent. of the weight is thus obtained as caoutchouc.

Dr. Brown-Sequard has just read a remarkable paper before the French Academy of Sciences on the movements of the muscles after death. Many physiologists believe that these post-mortem movements are due to atmospheric causes. Dr. Sequard controverts this, although he does not deny that they may be partially brought on by variations of the temperature. He argues that the real cause of such movements is to be sought in the vitality of the muscles, which remains in a dead body sometimes forty-five hours after death.

The extensive subsidences at Northwich, England, according to Mr. Thomas Ward, have no other cause than the pumping of brine for the manufacture of white salt. The upper bed of salt lies beneath about fifty yards of marl; the lower bed, separated from the first by ten yards of marl, is over thirty yards thick. The sinking was first noticed about 1770, a century after the first discovery of salt, and has progressed rapidly since. Much property has been destroyed, and large lakes have been formed—one having an area of 100 acres and all depths up to forty-five feet.

A white squall is one which produces no diminution of light. This furious and dangerous gust appears in clear weather without any other warning than the white foam it occasions on the surface of the sea and a very thin haze. It usually breaks upon a vessel when she is totally unprepared for such a strain upon her canvas, and consequently proves one of the most dangerous foes of the sailor's existence. A black squall is far less dangerous, as it is usually preceded by an accumulation of dark clouds and accompanied by heavy rain. Time is thus given to trim sails and to avert peril.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

If you are afraid to use your bait do not go fishing.

There is no such thing as failure until a man gives up.

Rumors are among the best things in the world to let run alone.

A horse is not known by his trappings, but qualities; so men are to be esteemed for virtue, not wealth.

Great men begin enterprises because they think them great, and fools, because they think them easy.

It is observed by Cicero that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are most actuated by ambition.

Reason requires culture to expand it. It resembles the fire concealed in the flint, which only shows when struck with the steel.

If you live according to what nature requires, you will never be poor; if according to the notions of men, you will never be rich.

Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained.

More is felt than is perceived, and more is perceived than can be interpreted; and love climbes higher with its lambent flame than art can pile the fagots.

Integrity is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence is the third; without the first two the latter cannot exist; and without the third the two former would often be rendered quite useless.

Education may well be compared to a certain species of writing ink, whose color, at first, is scarcely perceptible, but which penetrates deeper and grows blacker by age until, if you consume the scroll over a coal fire, the characters will still be legible in the cinders.

Endeavor to be always patient of the faults and imperfections of others; for thou hast many faults and imperfections of thy own that require a reciprocation of forbearance. If thou art not able to make thyself that which thou wishest to be, how canst thou expect to mold another in conformity to thy will?

May Go Too.

We have been told that we shall soon lose our hair and noses from misuse. Our legs may go, too. In 1810, according to statistics presented at the carriage builders' convention, there were only 2,200 men engaged in the carriage industry, and only 13,300 vehicles manufactured. Now it is estimated that there are 80,000 employed, who make 1,250,000 carriages annually. At this rate of increase walking will soon become obsolete, and mankind's legs will drop off from lack of use.—*New York Commercial.*

The Elmira (N. Y.) *Gazette* says: The smell of hops is delightful to some, but is overpowering to others. Invalids are frequently restored to health thereby, and women rarely ever fail of growing strong. A hop pillow is a capital gift for a friend who is troubled with insomnia.

Manufacturers in Great Britain are gradually adopting liquid fuel in place of raw fuel.